W. M. Pozer 31.07

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLII. No. 21 MONTREAL, MAY 17, 1907. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

A Prisoner of the Khalifa.

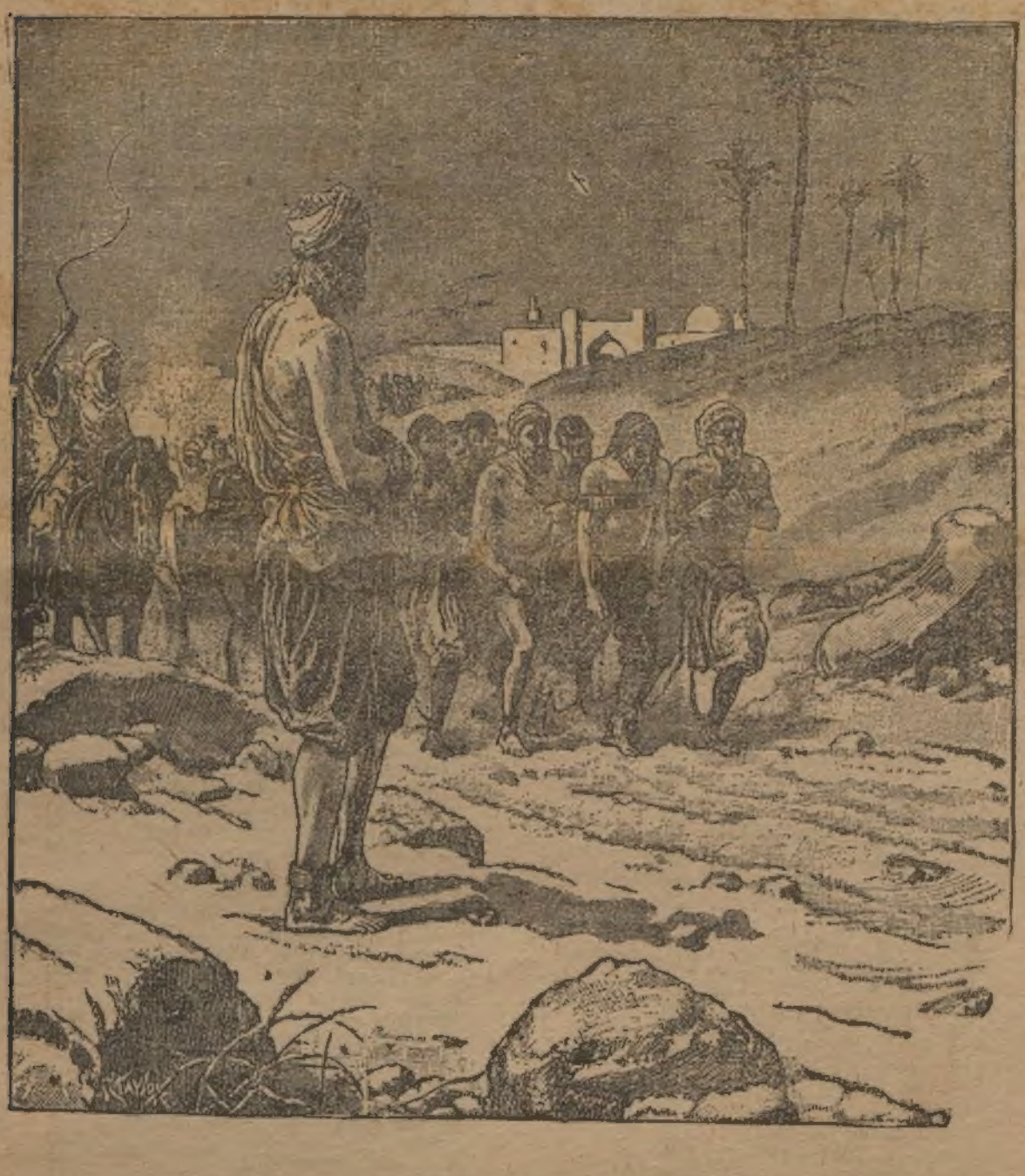
An Italian merchant, Cuzzi, who, together with others, was made prisoner by the Khalifa, was kept in captivity fifteen years until the liberation of Omdurman by the Anglo-Egyptian troops. In a book of adventures he says:

'During the fifteen years of my imprisonment I never saw a mirror, so that I gradually lost all interest in my personal appearance and in the features of my face. When I knew for certain that an expedition was directed towards Omdurman, I once more felt some interest in life. When at last I heard the cannon roar, and when the wild shouts of battle penetrated into the city, I snatched up a sword and held myself in readiness, with the firm resolution of putting an end to my life should this last hope vanish. When the noise of the cannon at length subsided, and I beheld Kitchener before me, congratulating me on my newly-acquired liberty, I thought I should die, so overwhelming was my emotion.

'Next day I repaired to the tent of one of the officers, with the intention of modifying my dishevelled appearance, and then, for the first time in fifteen years, I had a mirror in my hands. I was curious and anxious to see the image of myself, but, on beholding my face, I stepped back horror-stricken.

'When I had last seen myself in a looking-glass, I was young, active, and strong, while the image I now beheld was that of a man withered by disease and hardships. Never before had all my past sufferings come to my mind in such painful reality. I wept, wept like a child, the first tears I shed during those fifteen years.

'The day before I was made a prisoner I saw my wife die; but my grief was too deep to allow the relief of tears. My child was torn from me and died, owing to ill-treatment; but still I was unable to weep. I had gone through many a trial and hardship without ever showing any weakness, but then, in front of that little mirror, I completely broke down. The grief for all that I had lost seemed concentrated in the sorrowful image which the mirror reflected, and one look alone told me the story of all my sufferings.'



'KEPT IN CAPTIVITY FIFTEEN YEARS.

We are not surprised that he wept at the sight of himself. Fifteen years of confinement had made him careless and indifferent as to his person, and it was not till he was brought to see himself, as he really was, that he was shocked and moved to tears.

We can enter into the feelings of this man as he hears the booming of cannon, and learns that the English are at the gates of Omdurman. There is revived in his mind a hope of deliverance, and he waits, not knowing what will happen, when, to his surprise, he is face to face with Kitchener, and told he is no longer a prisoner.

Have we not a portrait before us of similar prisoners in many a place to-day? Yes, not only in the dark continent of Africa, where the Khalifa's rule had been a terror for numbers of years, but in England, and in many another spot all the world over. The captivity of Cuzzi was the captivity of the body, but the captivity that I mean is the captivity of the soul. The devil, like the Khalifa, has taken prisoner the souls of many, so that they care not what becomes of them.

The world had been going its way for fifteen years, while poor Cuzzi was a prisoner in Omdurman; and so it is to-day. What does the world care for the prisoner under Satan's grasp?

Hark! A sound is heard which arrests attention. Not the booming of cannon in the ears, but a word from God in the soul. A decisive battle has been fought and won.

In terrible earnestness the Tempter assailed the Man who came from God, and went to God, and was God, but he never prevailed against Him. Throughout His life on earth the Son of Man was tempted, but never overcome. 'He became obedient unto death,' and, at the last, paid the penalty of man's sins by sacrificing His life for the benefit of all who, being slaves to this cruel tyrant over man, are willing to trust Him to save them from his power. So, Jesus could declare in anticipation of this death, 'Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.' He came 'that He might destroy the works of the devil.'

There was no doubt in Cuzzi's mind when he saw Kitchener that he was no longer a prisoner, but was free. And there will be no doubt in your mind, dear friend, when the Holy Spirit shows you what Jesus has done for you.

By the help of the mirror Cuzzi made discovery of the condition to which he had been brought. And thus it often is with the soul in Satan's grasp. It is by a message from God by the help of the Holy Spirit that the soul discovers the Saviour's love. It has presented to its view the finished work of its Redeemer, and because it believes the message which it learns in a moment of time, it passes from bondage to liberty. But now it has learned its terrible condition and the havoc that sin has made. And what is the mirror by which this discovery is made? It is God's Word. By it man discovers that he is guilty before God. And God has brought in 'all the world guilty before Him' (Rom. iii., 19).

What distress this discovery brings! Then, and not till then, are the fountains of the great deep of the soul broken up, and it looks upon Him whom it has pierced by its many sins, and mourns.

Dear friend, when you have looked into the perfect law of God and beheld your state, cease from looking to this to save you, and look to the Person **who died to save you.**—'Light in the Home.'

THE STARVING MILLIONS IN CHINA.

Ten Dollars Will Keep a Family Till the Next Crop is Harvested.

A little money does so much.

Ten cents a day will save a small family.

Twenty cents will save a life for a week.

One dollar will save a family of five for a week.

Five dollars will save six lives for a month.

Ten dollars will keep a family over the pinch.

One hundred dollars will save a small community.

Further contributions to the relief fund are invited. All sums received will be acknowledged in these columns. The following amounts are gratefully acknowledged:

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SAVE ONE CHILD.

How can we help when we have planned so much work and pledged ourselves to give to our utmost already? This is the question asked by many churches and individuals who long to give to the Chinese Famine Fund. Perhaps the actual experience of one whose heart was touched by the need will answer the question.

Belonging to a small struggling congregation which had just bought a lot, and planned to build a new church, knowing that every member was already giving and working to what seemed the limit of their ability to keep up their home and foreign offerings, it seemed useless to attempt an appeal for anything more, and yet—'the children were dying.'

With the help of several children and members of the family, slips of paper were prepared, bearing this clause: 'Five cents will keep one child alive for a week—will you give five cents?'

Space was left below for ten names, and those slips were offered in the Sunday school to those who cared to take them. The result more than justified the effort, for in one week over thirty dollars was collected.

Those who had slips hardly needed to ask for the money, for not only their own families, but friends, neighbors, and acquaintances hearing of the fact, brought the small sums they had longed to give, yet had hardly felt to be worth sending.

All gifts will be acknowledged in these columns.

Address all contributions to the Famine Fund, care John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, Que.

LESSON.—MAY 26, 1907.

Childhood and Education of Moses.

Ex. ii., 1-15. Memory verses, 9, 10. Read the chapter.

Golden Text.

Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and deeds.—Acts vii., 22.

Home Readings.

Monday, May 20.—Ex. ii., 1-15.
Tuesday, May 21.—Ex. ii., 16-25.
Wednesday, May 22.—Ex. xxxii., 7-18.
Thursday, May 23.—Ex. xxxiv., 4-10, 27-35.
Friday, May 24.—Acts vii., 17-29.
Saturday, May 25.—Acts vii., 30-40.
Sunday, May 26.—Heb. iii., 1-19.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Do any of you remember last Sunday's lesson, and what we learned about the Israelites when they were slaves in Egypt? That is good; now let us go over some of the terrible hardships they had to undergo. (Get the children to answer questions on the last lesson). This was a very sad state of affairs, and it almost looked as though God had forgotten them. But just at this time there was no one among the Israelites who was fitted to be their leader, so God had to train someone to take this place. I hardly need to ask you if you know the story of Moses, but we are to go over it again to-day to see how God was watching and guiding everything in order at last to bring his people out of their troubles. Moses was the youngest of three children; he had a sister about eight or nine years old named Miriam, a brother about three named Aaron, and when Moses was born, a dear little baby brother for them; I expect they were very glad, but his poor mother was very sad. It was just after the cruel king had ordered that all the dear little boy babies should be killed, and oh, she was so afraid that someone would tell the soldiers where her dear little baby was. She hid him safely for three months; just think what it would be if any of you had a dear little baby in your home, and you couldn't tell anyone about it, just had to hide him away as if you were ashamed of him, anyhow, little Miriam and Aaron couldn't tell anyone about their dear little brother, and he was such a pretty one, too. After three months something happened, perhaps little Aaron forgot and told someone; anyhow Moses's mother saw that she couldn't hide him any longer, so what did she do?

FOR THE SENIORS.

The pretty story of Moses, his birth and adoption, should be the basis for a study of God's care and method of working. It is everywhere true that it is the man who does what he can, even though he may make mistakes, who is helped by God. It was only when the parents had done all that they could that they left the matter completely in God's hands, and their trust was rewarded, just as their endeavors had been for three months successful against awful odds. Later when Moses was a grown man his rashness truly placed him in difficulty, but his willingness to do what he could proved his worthiness for the high position God had in store for him. God's use of human means in preference to any interposition of the miraculous is evident throughout. The tender mother, the little sister, the weeping babe, the woman's soul of the wealthy princess, show how well God knows his creatures and how willing he is to make them co-workers with himself. God could have endowed Moses with all the knowledge which he required, instead of that he gave him forty years' schooling in the best schools of the day, and then forty more, in which to grow humble and learn to know his God.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

One sign that God was working through every circumstance is seen in the events leading up to Moses's birth. Little did the Egyptian monarch think that in every shrewd stroke of his policy he was Jehovah's unwitting servant, paving the way for the education in his own palace, and with all the resources of his own land, of the Hebrew's deliverer. Yet so it was. His edict to slay the men-children compelled their being hidden. His further and more cruel edict, turning every Egyptian into a detective to spy on the Hebrews, compelled Jochebed to trust her little one to the chances of the waters, less cruel than cruel men. God sent the monarch's daughter to rescue that child. Though his own mother nursed him, the royal palace received him. All that Egyptian civilization with its backward horizon of more than two thousand years, and with all its astonishing material splendor, but without any message for man, because destitute of all real vision of God, was made by this Hebrew-hater to serve its highest end in training Moses for his work. —John Smith, in 'The Permanent Message of the Exodus.'

The self-reliant action of the King's daughter, notwithstanding her father's cruel and absolute command, will illustrate the independence in character and action which distinguished the Egyptian women, at least the high-born.—Whedon.

In Egypt, government had been established so long and law had come to be so thoroughly administered that life and property were as safe as among ourselves to-day; science had made such advances that even the weather-beaten and time-stained relics of it seem to point to regions into which even the bold enterprise of modern investigation has not penetrated, and all the arts needful for life were in familiar use, and even some practised which modern times have as yet been unable to recover.—Marcus Dods.

Men grow by having responsibility laid upon them, the burden of other people's business. Their powers are put out at interest, and they get usury in kind. They are like men multiplied. Each counts manifold. Men who live with an eye only upon what is their own are dwarfed beside them—seem fractions while they seem integers.—Woodrow Wilson.

Whenever governments enact penal laws which are against the laws of God, those governments or nations are, by the sure and inevitable process of revolution, preparing for themselves destruction. As when you compress yielding water, it bursts at last.—F. W. Robertson.

The man that does not love his people can not love his God.—A. M. Fairbairn.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

'We have in the historic Moses a great and powerful genuis, an organizing and constructing mind. Moses belongs to the great class of nation-makers; to a class of men who have a place by themselves in the history of politics, and who are among the rarest and highest of the phenomena of our race.'—Gladstone.

Verse 7.—Then said his sister. 'Then came Miriam's opportunity, and she made the most of it. How innocently she stepped up! just like any little girl strolling along the riverside by chance, and attracted by curiosity to look at the screaming baby and the puzzled princess. "A nurse," said the small philosopher—"a nurse, your Highness! That is what you want. Shall I fetch you one?" No sooner is the permission given than young Presence-of-Mind, is running home to call her mother. The business is done.'—Henry van Dyke.

The School Life of Moses. Egypt then had two great universities, at Heliopolis and Hermopolis, and Moses is said to have studied in the former, which was situated about twenty miles north of Memphis. It was 'the Oxford of Ancient Egypt,' as Alexandria was in later times. Herodotus went thither to gather information for his travels, and Plato studied there for thirteen years. 'Shady cloisters opened into lecture rooms for the students, and quiet houses for the professors and priests, in their many grades and offices; there being room for all in the corridors of the huge pile.'—Geikie.

A splendid library would be at his disposal. The library of the Rameseum at Thebes—a structure built by Rameses II.—contained 20,000 books.

The studies of the young man would include the two forms of difficult Egyptian writing, arithmetic, geometry, trigonometry to some extent, astronomy, music both vocal and instrumental, painting and architecture, medicine and chemistry, history and law, poetry and other branches of literature, and especially theology, extending to its highest form, 'the philosophy of symbolism,' in which the Egyptian religion, gross as it was, came nearest to the Hebrew. As a member of the royal family, Moses was no doubt received into the priestly castle, and knew all their secret law. Much of this 'wisdom of the Egyptians' was shallow and absurd; but much of it also was of the highest value to Moses in the great work he accomplished.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Acts vii., 19-29; Heb. xi., 23-26; Lam. iii., 22-33; Prov. ix., 10; John xii., 17; Prov. xxvii., 14; Mic. vii., 7; Pro.. xvi., 16; II. Tim. iii., 14, 15; I. John iii., 16.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, May 26.—Topic—Home missions: The progress of the Southern Mountaineers. Isa. lii., 7-12.

Junior C. E. Topic.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Monday, May 20.—Praise God in the isles. Isa. xlii., 11, 12.
Tuesday, May 21.—Glorify Him in the isles. Isa. xxiv., 14, 15.
Wednesday, May 22.—From rising to setting sun. Isa lix., 16-19.
Thursday, May 23.—Let the isles be glad. Ps. xcvii., 1.
Friday, May 24.—'He taketh up the isles.' Isa. xl., 12-17.
Saturday, May 25.—The isles shall trust Him. Isa. li., 4-6.
Sunday, May 26.—Topic—The isles that wait for His law. Isa. xlii., 4.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS and Christian Workers who know the 'Messenger,' believe it to be a powerful influence for good, and are glad to see it win an entrance into other schools. Just at this time, owing to new postal regulations, many Sunday-Schools will be making a change in their paper, and we would respectfully solicit the co-operation of our friends in introducing the 'Messenger' into many other Canadian Schools. A copy shown to a teacher in another Sunday-School, with a word as to its merits and its low price, would be doing a real service to the Sunday-School in question, and would be greatly appreciated by the publishers. Read our 'Special Offer to Sunday-Schools' on last page.

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

Walter Bardsley listened for the happy chiming of the wedding-bells—he loved the bells of Netherborough—but they had suddenly become silent, strangely silent, and an awful stillness fell upon his own soul. He looked upon the face of his sister, Jennie, and read an unnamed horror there. Her face was as white as a shroud, and her dark, expressive eyes seemed to blaze upon him with apprehension and alarm. Then he remembered how his father and his brother had been slain by the insidious murderer whom he had now made friends with, and how, for generations, the same death-dealer had been the hereditary enemy of his house. He remembered how good old Aaron Brigham had bared his white head before him, and said, 'Walter Bardsley, will you stand firm?' and he had said, speaking as in the sight of God, 'I will!' And now—!

The after part of the proceedings interested him no more. In due time his young brother-in-law, Cuthbert Hayes, rose to respond to the toast of 'The Bridesmaids.' Young, handsome, ready-tongued, and witty, the stalwart Cuthbert looked every inch a man. He too, made a pleasant joke of Walter's prompt obedience to the wishes of his wife. 'He has given splendid hostage,' said he, 'for the loyalty of his love and devotion in leaping from his hobby at my sister's loving call. The young ladies, charming maidens every one of them, have seen and heard, and each in turn will exercise the sweet, decisive authority over their captive but honored and happy slaves. When that time comes—as the immortal Gilpin says, "May I be there to see."'

Yes, he looked a bright, brave youth that sunny autumn morning, did Cuthbert Hayes; but what meant the heightened color in his cheek? What meant the unnatural fire in his eye? What meant the little unsteadiness in his voice? And how was it that Dick Bardsley whispered to Mr. Dunwell, who sat near him,

'Bertie hasn't waited for his wife's orders on the subject. I'm afraid she will have to put the stopper on instead of drawing out the cork.'

And what, O what, made him laugh and wink as he said it, as though it was an amusing joke! Mr. Dunwell, let us give him credit for it, shook his head and sighed.

On the young bridegroom a great horror had fallen, a horror thickened in its darkness by the contemplation of Cuthbert's over-excited state. As soon as he decorously could he went out, and like sinning Peter, he wept bitterly. He was so deeply distressed that he became downright ill. He felt that his condition was such as must strike a chill through all the guests at the grand marriage feast. He tried to 'pull himself together,' and was alarmed and ashamed to find that it could not be done!

The guests had retired to the drawing-room. He stole away awhile from all. He was ill, miserable, desperate, self-condemned. Suddenly he rushed back to the forsaken feast, seized a half-empty champagne bottle, poured out a tumbler-full and drank it off, and then felt better, felt strong, felt manly; like his father-in-law, felt that he could hold up his head and defy the world! O wondrous power of alcohol to make the coward brave!

Now it so happened that the Reverend Daniel Dunwell had left his pocket handkerchief behind him when he left the breakfast-table. He returned to find it, and found also the bridegroom with the tumbler at his lips. Then did he sorrow that Dick Bardsley had objected to Walter's drinking to the toasts in water. He said to himself, 'What a pity Dick interfered.' But he did not say, 'What a shame the young man's pastor did not help him to stand firmly to his guns!'

Then did the genial minister withdraw in silence, and, let us hope, with some degree of shame; but, why, oh why, did he not, there and then, lay his hand on his young friend's shoulder and say, 'Walter, for the love of God, get back to your first position and renew your vow!' Why? Because his own attitude on the drink question demanded silence, silence even though doom and death were at the door.

During the after part of the day, when Walter Bardsley and his happy wife had left for Scarborough, for at 'the queen of watering-places' they had decided to spend the honeymoon, Mr. Norwood Hayes and Mr. Dunwell were walking in the pretty park-like grounds of Throstle's Nest, enjoying each of them a post-prandial cigar. They were met by Jennie Bardsley, who was sauntering alone in self-communing spirit, with a deathly pallor, born of some great trouble-shock, upon her face.

Mr. Hayes, as usual, greeted her with smiling courtesy and a pleasant joke.

'Well, friend Jennie,' said he, 'of course, you expended a bag of rice and a slipper on the young folks as they went away?'

But Jennie was in no jesting mood just then. She stopped in the middle of the pathway, and like the Ancient Mariner, 'held them with her eye.'

'Mr. Hayes,' she said, 'what slew Reuben Stanford?'

'Nay, nay, do not call up things sorrowful to-day. It was strong drink, I suppose.'

He spoke a little brusquely for him, and would have passed on.

Mr. Dunwell,' she asked again, in tones that might not be pooh-poohed, 'What was it that slew Farmer Stipson?'

'Strong drink, no doubt,' said the minister, who was always candid and straightforward.

'Yes,' she said, lifting her finger to give force to her strong words, and speaking as Deborah, the prophetess, might be supposed to do: 'Yes; and strong drink will slay Walter Bardsley; thanks to his pastor, and to him who has been his guide, philosopher, and friend.'

'Nonsense!' said Mr. Hayes, testily; 'no croaking on a wedding-day.' He spoke offhandish, but there was an unwonted furrowing of his brow.

And what did the excellent pastor say?

Mr. Dunwell called to mind what he had seen in the dining-room that morning, and said, NOTHING!

CHAPTER XXVII.

While the merry wedding guests at Throstle's Nest—for it must not be supposed that Walter Bardsley's broken vow interfered at all with their delight—were celebrating the happy event by games and dance and song, our good old friend, and as I hope our favorite, Aaron Brigham, was quite otherwise engaged.

The old man had been invited; but Aaron could not be induced to accept the invitation.

'There isn't a soul i' Netherborough that wishes the young pair a better wish than I do, or that prays mair fervently that the good Lord will bless 'em, an' mak' 'em a blessing all the days o' their lives. But I'se expectin' that you'll be hevin' all sorts o' wine, an' champagne, an' sperrits upo' t' table. I can't be a party to ony sitch a miserable start at t' beginnin' o' married life, Mr. Hayes; an' I'se a bit surprised that young Walter'll stand it. I think he wadn't if it was onywhere else; but he hez a notion that Mr. Norwood Hayes is aboot perfect an' can't mek a mistake. I trust an' pray he mayn't live to find oot that he's made one, an' that a dreadful big 'un. I'se sorry to say, No, Mr. Hayes; but I'se foorced to respect my conscience, an' I can't go again it, no, not eaven for your sweet lassie, the bonnie bride. And, noo, hoo's Mrs. Hayes?'

The old man blushed like a school boy, old as he was, as soon as the words were spoken, for he had only intended a courteous inquiry, and, lo! he had aptly opened the closet where the skeleton at Throstle's Nest was kept. Mr. Hayes answered, rather shortly for him, that she was 'only poorly,' expressed his regret at the old man's refusal, and turned away.

Mr. Hayes was a good deal disturbed in mind. That last unintentional fling back of the closet door, made his standing ground a little shaky, and to him that was most unpleasant. He was constrained to turn back, for a helpful second-thought had come to him.

'I say, Aaron,' he said, 'I don't want to interfere too much with your prejudices, but I do think you might give way on this point. You may surely do what your Divine Master and mine thought it no harm to do. He was not only the Guest at a marriage feast where wine was provided, but he actually supplied them with abundance of it when the stock ran short. What can you say to that.'

'What can I say?' said Aaron, drily, 'why, I can say this, that if this was Galilee, an' Jesus was t' chief Guest, an' t' wine was t' same soort, an' t' best wine was made i' t' same way, an' He gav' orders to "serve it out," I might mebbe tek' some of it; but I don't believe that He wad wish me to drink, if I'd reyther nut, an' I'se mair than sure that He wadn't ha' had it there at all if there was onybody there that was perillin' body an' soul by drinkin' it—I ax your pardon, Mr. Hayes, I do sincerely. I didn't mean to—'

He said no more, but stood with bowed head and blushing face, for he had 'put his foot in it' a second time, and Mr. Norwood Hayes had walked off towards Throstle's Nest at the rate of a good four miles an hour!

On the evening of the wedding-day, Aaron Brigham, as I have said, was otherwise engaged. On the morning of that day he had met George Caffer at the door of the church, just before the wedding party had arrived.

'Mornin', Aaron,' said the bibulous painter. 'Then you've come to see 'em worked off, ha' yo'? There'll be famous doin's at Throstle's Nest to-day. All t' toon'll hev a lively time on it. Ah've given myself a holiday. It's a poor heart that nivver rejoices, an' I respect both t' bride an' bridegroom a good deal. Ah's bound te drink their varry good health. Ha' yo' seen owt o' Phil Lambert?'

'No, I ain't,' said the old man, sadly, for he perceived that painter and barber both were about to give themselves up to a drunken spree. His heart was filled with pity for the poor sodden pair of topers, and he longed with an eager longing to put them on a better track. He had prayed for them many a time and oft, and many a time and oft had expostulated with them, singly and together. While Caffer was telling him of his beery purpose, Aaron sighed a 'God help 'em!' and straightway a new idea, and a new hope, and a renewed purpose took possession of him.

(To be continued.)

Lesson in Giving.

Nannie had a bright silver dollar given her. She asked her papa to change it into dimes.

'What is that for, dear?' he asked.

'So that I can get the Lord's part out of it.' And when she got it into smaller coins, she laid out one of them. 'There,' she said, 'I will keep that until Sunday.' And when Sunday came, she went to the box of offerings in the church vestibule, and dropped in two dimes.

'Why,' said her father, as he heard the last one jingle in, 'I thought you gave one-tenth to the Lord?'

'I said one-tenth belongs to Him, and I can't give him what is his own; so if I give him anything, I have to give him what is mine.'—Selected.

The Ladder or the Elevator.

'The elevator isn't running this morning,' said the man in charge of the storeroom courteously. 'Something is wrong with the machinery, and it will be several hours before it is repaired. The only way to get upstairs is to climb that ladder,' and he pointed to the dusty rounds of the unused ladder in the corner.

'I'll wait for the elevator,' said James Burton, dropping down on a convenient store box. 'I've seen apples before, anyway.'

'So have I,' said Dick Young, 'If the rest of you fellows want to climb the ladder; all right; but we'll wait for you here.'

The other three boys made a dive for the ladder, and were soon exclaiming over the wonderful apples stored in the boxes and bins upstairs. The storeroom was not a good place for the fruit, but the abundant crop had compelled the owner to place them wherever he could protect them from freezing while waiting for shipment. James Burton had brought out four of his school friends to visit his aunt in the village this pleasant Saturday, and a neighbor had asked them to come to his storeroom and see the apples.

Mr. Leonard received them courteously, and asked where the other boys were, when they reached the upper floor. He showed them all around the big, airy room, explaining about the different varieties, and they thoroughly enjoyed every minute of the time. Some of the fruit was ripe for market, while other varieties would not be in perfection until late in the spring. The boys ate all they could, and their host wanted them to carry down some of the apples to their friends, but they laughingly said if they wanted any they must climb the ladder to get the apples for themselves.

'I wish we could slip out some other way and play a joke on the lazy fellows,' said Herbert Adams. 'I'd just like to have them sit there a few hours waiting for us.'

'We can easily do that,' said Mr. Leonard, entering into the fun like a boy. 'I am going for a drive in the country to buy some late apples, and will be glad to have you go along. We can slip into the storeroom connected with this by a covered passageway, and go down the ladder there.'

He hastily locked the storeroom, and they went into the next room. Very soon they were driving swiftly over hard roads into a pleasant farming country, while the two boys still waited for them to appear

'Loafing, boys?' asked a pleasant old gentleman, strolling up to where James and Dick were lounging on the store box. 'If my son is upstairs, you can get some good apples. Just take the elevator and go on up.'

'Thank you, we do not care for any,' said James, politely. 'We are waiting for some of our friends who are up there with Mr. Leonard now. The elevator is out of order and we said we would rather stay down here.'

'It seems strange to hear a lad say that,' said the old gentleman musingly. 'When I was a boy, apples were so scarce that we would have been glad to make ladders to get them, if they were upstairs in a building, and we had permission to try. Of course they are common now, but I never get over the feeling of surprise to see folks indifferent to them.'

'Oh, we like apples,' said one of the boys, 'but we did not care to go up, seeing the elevator was not running.'

'And isn't an elevator a wonderful thing?' said the old gentleman, seating himself by the boys. 'Sometimes I think it is too wonderful, for it takes away much of the hearty exercise of climbing. The old saying about climbing the ladder to what we wish to gain is hardly appropriate in these days when everybody wants to go in the elevator. Of course, the old ladder is there, just as the one is still in this building, but few people use it. Our elevator gets out of fix often, but the ladder in the corner is as trustworthy as the day it was put up. The oddest thing about it all, to me, is that often while we are waiting for some elevator to take us easily to opportunity, the opportunity vanishes, or it is taken by the person who climbs the old reliable ladder.'

'I beg your pardon, sir, but that seems hardly right to me,' said James, thinking the old gentleman was getting a little bit personal. 'Take those apples upstairs, for example. Dick and I will have just as good a chance to fill our pockets when the elevator begins running as the boys who climbed the dusty ladder. I hear it running now, so we'll go up and join the boys.'

'You can save yourselves the trouble,' said the old gentleman with a twinkle in his eye. 'I saw your friends driving down the valley a short time ago with my son. I'm rather of the opinion they have played a little trick on you. The elevator is running, but the storeroom is closed.'

The two boys looked chagrined.

'Well,' said the old gentleman, laughing, 'don't let it be that way in the climbing of more important ladders. In this case, it is only the loss of apples and a drive. But there may be a time when more important things are at stake. Keep your eyes open.'

'Thank you, sir,' said the boys as they laughed with the friendly old gentleman who was waving his hand to them. 'We'll not forget. Guess it served us right this time.'—'Presbyterian Witness.'

Appearances are Deceptive.

Appearances are proverbially deceptive. A clergyman, being annoyed by people talking and giggling during a service, paused in the middle of his sermon, looked at the disturbers, and said:

'Some years since, as I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking, and making uncouth grimaces. I paused, and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service, a gentleman said to me:

'"Sir, you made a great mistake; that young man is an idiot."

'Since then, I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave in church, lest I should repeat that mistake and reprove another idiot.'

During the rest of the service there was good order.—'Morning Star.'

The Hard Place in the Hill.

'There's always a hard place in every hill,' said the teamster, patting the panting horses. 'Some will settle back and balk at the very first tug and pull it gives them; and there's others that you'll see grow bright-eyed and resolute, with a set of the shoulders that means going to the top unless the harness breaks. There's men and women that way, too, when you come to think of it.'

All young people of to-day know Louisa M. Alcott's beautiful books, but there are not so many who know the beautiful life that made the books possible. In one of her early periods of hardship, there came a time, her biographer tells us, when the thought of suicide seemed for a brief moment welcome. Her sister had just died, and Louisa had gone to Boston in search of work. 'As she walked over the mill-dam, the running stream brought the thought of the River of Death which would end all troubles.' She had come to her hard place in the hill. The next entry in her journal shows how she met it.

'My fit of despair was soon over,' she writes bravely. 'It seemed so cowardly to run away before the battle was over that I couldn't do it. So I said firmly, "There is work for me, and I'll have it," and went home resolved to take Fate by the throat, and shake a living out of her.

This is the spirit that conquers, and it is the only spirit that will do it. The way you meet your hard place shows your mettle. The finest thing anybody can do is to 'grow bright-eyed and resolute,' like the teamster's plucky horses, at the sight of obstacles.—Selected.

Arrows From Gypsy Smith.

If you want to beat the devil you must fight him with the cradle.

There is a tremendous difference between thronging Jesus and touching Jesus.

I noticed when I was a boy that good gleaners had to be good stoopers. If you are going to help anybody you will have to stand a little higher than they are, or you won't lift them far.

Your life within is to be a slaughter house for all that God hates.

Wrath is anger with the lid off. Malice is wrath cooled down into hatred—murder.

There are duties which, when done faithfully, are prayers.

Hot saints are sure to make lukewarm folk mad.

If you and I only had the vision of Calvary, we should never weary, we should never tire, we should never lose life.

The devil is like God in this, he is no respecter of persons.

It is a good thing to kneel. It is not a weak thing or mean thing to kneel. It may be childlike, but it is not childish.

If you don't mind, Jesus will have to say, 'I did all a God could do to save you, but you would not let me.'

The weak spot on the Church of God is its prayer-meetings.

You saw the sinner, Jesus saw the man. He saw the sinner, too, and he knew what the sinner would be when grace had had a chance.

I am afraid that in our zeal to get people into the kingdom or the church we have lowered the standard.

Prevention is better than cure. A fence at the top of a precipice is better than a hospital at the bottom.—From 'As Jesus Passed By and Other Addresses,' by Gypsy Smith.

A Flower Mission.

'Don't you want to throw away that wilted rose and put on this fresh one?'

The scene was on the platform of a street car where a sweet-faced lady in a tailor-made dress, offered the weary car conductor a rose from the cluster of hothouse blossoms she carried in her hand.

The man's tired face lighted up as he said: 'Thank you, ma'am, but I don't want to spoil your bouquet.'

The lady smiled as she answered brightly: 'O, it won't do that! I am going shopping, and to each girl who waits upon me I give a rose.'

How rested the man looked as he accepted the flower! On the opposite side of the car sat a group of school-girls who listened with intense interest to the conversation. The lady left the car, but her kind act had dropped a seed-thought in the hearts of these girls.

'What a lovely idea!' exclaimed one of them as the car moved on. 'Why haven't we thought of something like it before?'

'We have just loads of pansies,' said another. 'We picked a thousand blossoms to decorate the tables for the Shakespeare luncheon a week ago. The plants are full of flowers again. I'm going to pick a basket of

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them and take to my favorite glove girl at Dodd's.'

'Our hedge of Madame Cecil Brunner roses is just coming into bloom,' announced a third. 'I'll gather a big cluster and give them to that dear little girl at Phillips's who always takes such pains to see that I am well served.'

So the beautiful plan grew, and was not only a plan, but was actually carried out. Each time that these dainty maidens from the city's suburbs went into town they carried with them something from the home gardens. Many a girl in the stores of the great city went home at night almost forgetting her weariness at the sight of the flowers in her hand.

The girls had no thought of making their little plan public, but in some way the story leaked out. Others took up the idea, and now, in that city, there is scarcely a day but some one from the suburbs carries to the sisterhood of workers in town a bit of God's out-of-door world.—Selected.

Fear as Our Only Safety.

Only the unthinking, unseeing, are fearless. Sticks and stones, some lower orders of animals, and some men who seem little above such animals, do not know what fear is, for they lack the vision or sensibilities to which fear appeals. But those who count for anything in the warfare against evil find fear one of their channels of intelligence and strength. The superficial thinker says, 'No man is ever afraid, who amounts to anything.' The man who sees things as they are realizes, rather, that no man ever amounts to anything who is not afraid. We are living and fighting in the midst of awful, fatal dangers. Those who fearlessly think that they stand are going to fall. Those who fear the enemy's strength and their own weakness, and, having no confidence in themselves, find strength in One outside themselves, are safeguarded because of their fear. They find in Him courage, which is not fearlessness, but better, the overcoming of fear.—'S. S. Times.'

From the Springville 'Breeze.'

We're pleased to state that Mr. Wren
And wife are back, and at the Eaves.

The Robins occupy again
Their summer home at Maple Leaves.

The Gardens restaurant reports
A fresh supply of angleworms.

The Elms—that fav'rite of resorts—
Has boughs to rent on easy terms.

We learn that Mr. Early Bee
Is still quite lame with frosted wings.

Ye Editor thanks Cherry Tree
For Sundry floral offerings.

Down Cistern-way a waterspout
Has been a source of active floods.

We hear of rumored comings out
Of some of Springville's choicest buds.

In case you run across Green Lawn
Don't wonder why he looks so queer.
'Tis only that he's undergone
His first short hair-cut of the year.
—'St. Nicholas.'

DICKY. "WHEN I'AM A MAN I'LL MAKE ALL THE ROOMS IN MY HOUSE ROUND—THEN NO ONE WON'T PUT ME IN THE CORNER."
—'Punch.'

Peter the Great and the Astrolabe.

When Peter the Great was a youth about sixteen years of age he heard of the astrolabe, an instrument which the ancients used for measuring the heavens, but which has now been superseded by the sextant. He had one brought from abroad, but when he got it to Moscow there was no one there who understood how to use it. Finally a Dutch merchant named Timmermann was found who knew something about mathematics and found that he could use the instrument. He measured a distance with the astrolabe, and it was found correct by other measurements. Peter was delighted, and wanted to use the instrument himself. Education was by no means then at the advanced stage it is now, and the young Emperor knew nothing of arithmetic or geometry. Timmermann assured him that he must learn both of these if he would use the instrument. So Peter put himself under the merchant's instruction, set to work with a will, and mastered both studies. What he did with the astrolabe he did in other directions. He learned ship-building and navigation and many other things by downright hard work. It was thus that he became fitted to give Russia the start in development which has made her the great nation which she is to-day. Peter's example shows us that none of us, not even kings or czars, gain anything in this world—whether it be learning or influence or character—without hard work.—'Child's Paper.'

Some Queer Trees.

Among the curiosities of tree life is the sofar, or whistling-tree, of Nubia. When the winds blow over this tree, it gives out flute-like sounds, playing away to the wilderness for hours at a time strange, weird melodies. It is the spirits of the dead singing among the branches, the natives say; but the scientific white man says that the sounds are due to a myriad of small holes which an insect bores in the spines of the branches.

The weeping-willow of the Canary Islands is another arboreal freak. This tree in the driest weather will rain down showers from its leaves, and the natives gather up the water from the pool formed at the foot of the trunk and find it pure and fresh. The tree exudes the water from innumerable pores, situated at the base of the leaves.—Selected.

A WORD IN SEASON.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS:—

You like the 'Messenger.' It is a welcome visitor in your home each week. Would you not like to extend its sphere of usefulness?—to have others know it, and appreciate it, as you do? You can speak a 'word in season' that will help much more than you realize to bring this about.

All around you there are Sunday Schools that through various influences have been importing foreign papers from the United States, but now, with the excess postage to pay under the new postal law, beginning May 8, they will be compelled to make a change. Will you not tell one such school at least how much you like the 'Messenger'? Tell them how cheap it is, HALF RATE TO SUN DAY SCHOOLS, or a good deal less than half a cent a copy; tell them how suitable all round it is for the various classes and ages in the school and the homes there represented.

Tell them that to test the 'Messenger' in the whole school for three consecutive Sundays, they need only send us a postcard giving the number of copies required. We cheerfully do the rest, and the trial will not cost them one cent, even if they decide not to take the paper. We gladly take the risk of the order following, our experience proving that the 'Messenger' wins its own way, once really known.

Will you not speak this 'Word in Season' for the 'Messenger,' and will you not speak it NOW?

Your Friends,
THE PUBLISHERS.

Daddy's Shoeless Pet.

(Temperance Song.)

Two eyes that glisten brightly,
A form so thinly clad;
Two feet that hasten lightly
With messages for dad.
The skies above are leaden,
The earth with rain-dew wet,
While little Nell stands shivering—
She's daddy's shoeless pet!

Chorus—

O father, father, answer why
Your duty you forget;
Where is the gift your wage should buy
For daddy's shoeless pet?

Two eyes with evil hunger,
For Drink's destructive blight;
Two feet that hurry onward
To taverns, night by night.
You promised you'd do better,
And leave the drink; but yet
You're clinging to its fetter;
How sad for Nell, your pet!

Yet, while your arms encircle
Your victim, sweet and mild,
You anger when I ask you,
O, do you love your child?
Her angel face you cherish,
You smoothe her golden hair;
You'd give your life for Nellie,
And yet—her feet are bare!

Go, kneel to God for pardon,
For power the right to do,
And seek your injured darling,
Caress the feet so blue.
And give a pledge to Temperance,
Then she'll her woes forget;
True hearts no more will scorn you
O'er daddy's shoeless pet!

—'Onward.'

Showing One's Color.

The superintendent of a seaman's mission says that one of his young sailors, who had signed the pledge and worn the white ribbon, had to enter a hospital later on. The physician prescribed brandy; but when he saw the ribbon he changed the medicine, saying: 'I can give you something that will take the place of it; I never mean to do anything that will rouse a dormant appetite if I can help it.' Such an emblem, like the badges of certain organizations, is a positive safeguard. 'You'll often be laughed at after you put on this uniform,' said General Booth on one occasion to a company of the Salvation Army, 'but you'll not so often be tempted. All the devils run from a soldier who shows his colors.'—'Ram's Horn.'

A Noble Example for all Christian Mothers.

Royal Teetotalers.

It is interesting to note how teetotalism is finding its way into every circle of our national life, even the circle of royalty. Princess Henry of Battenberg, the youngest daughter of the late Queen Victoria, was for many years a rigid abstainer, though of late she has suffered so much from rheumatism that she has been ordered by her medical advisers to take a little whiskey, which she regards as a penance. So much so that I am expecting soon to hear that of the two evils she prefers the rheumatism. Her daughter, who recently became the Queen of Spain, does not know the taste of alcohol. Her special 'tipple' is made from oranges. The fresh fruit is squeezed into a glass, which is filled with aerated waters. Oranges are her favorite fruit, and at her mother's house in the Isle of Wight she was accustomed to eat them freely.

Both Princess Christian's daughters are teetotalers.

The Princess of Wales, our future Queen, who is an exceedingly considerate mistress, once dismissed an under nurse on the spot because, contrary to instructions, she had given Prince Edward, when he was five years old, a sip of the wine allowed her for lunch. All the children of the Prince and Princess are brought up as strict teetotalers, and save for the one taste of wine that Prince Edward had from his nurse, they know nothing of alcohol.

Princess Patricia of Connaught and her married sister, also the Duchess of Argyll, sister of the King, are steadfast teetotalers. And the daughters of the Princess Royal, their Highnesses Alexandra and Maud, have never in their lives tasted wine.

There may be other members of the Royal Family, of whom I have not heard, who are patterns, as well as patrons, of temperance. Those I have just named will afford gratification and encouragement to the friends of sobriety in every part of the Empire.

Descendants of the Gadarene Swine Herds.

When the owners of the swine heard about how Jesus had cast the devils out of the man and how they had gone into the swine and they had run violently down in the sea and perished, they were very much agitated over the matter. They besought Jesus to 'depart out of their coasts.' It was a question of swine versus Christ, and they preferred the swine. Even if he could cast devils out of men, what profit was it to have him with them if their hogs were destroyed? As between men and hogs, they preferred hogs every time. They put material interest and money above boys. And have these people had no descendants? Nay, have they not had successors in all ages of the world? Have they not successors now? Is that not precisely what we do now when we license these accursed saloons, and, for the money which they pay the state, allow them to run in our communities and destroy our boys? Do we not thereby put money above boys and material above moral interests? And if any one undertakes to be a reformer and attempts to drive out the evil spirit of the saloon, is he not very apt to hear it said to him, 'You will kill business. You had better either cease your efforts or depart out of our coasts.' And this is said not only by those who are directly engaged in the business, but by those who are indirectly profiting by it, oftentimes by otherwise good men, moral men, even Christian men. They are simply putting material above moral interests and money above boys. Their eyes are blinded. They take a very low, sordid view of life.—'Baptist and Reflector.'

Religious Notes.

The change in China is described by Sir Robert Hart, the Englishman who controlled the Chinese customs service for more than half a century, in these words: 'The first forty-five years I was in China it was like sitting in a vault—not a breath of air; but today every door and window is open, and the breezes are blowing through in every direction.' Where all windows are open to all breezes, Christendom, if in the least sincere, must make those breezes everywhere tell of Christ.

The Spanish Evangelical Church was formed in 1899 by the coming together of a number of congregations supported by different nationalities, but carried on to a large extent by Spanish laborers. It represented twenty congregations with thirty out-stations, mostly depending upon outside help, but some having already made steps toward self-support. The General Synod meets every two years in Madrid. It has not been possible, on account of the prevailing intolerance, to ascertain exactly the number of evangelical Spaniards, but Pastor Theodore Fliedner, of Madrid, estimates it at between 10,000 and 12,000.

The Utah Gospel Mission of Cleveland, O., aims to reach the whole Mormon people with evangelical ministration at least every year or two. With three 'gospel waggons' and three missionaries to each, its agents hold meetings wherever they can and visit the homes of the people for religious conversation. In 1906, 4,500 miles were travelled over by the waggon; 11,689 calls were made in 170 settlements containing about 65,000 people, and 223 meetings were held, with audiences aggregating about 16,000 persons. Not one quarter of the 448 settlements visited since June, 1901, have any local Christian service. Since the beginning of its work the mission has held 778 services and has visited about 60,000 families.

Too often it is true that the ill men do lives after them, to work perpetual mischief and unceasingly to breed evil and misery. But the converse happily is also true. Nearly a century ago Dr. Judson wrote the first tract ever printed by the Baptist Mission Press at Rangoon, 'A View of the Christian Religion.' The next published was a small catechism by Mrs. Ann Hasseltine Judson. Both are still in print and in constant demand. —The 'Indian Witness.'

A writer in the 'Missionary Review of the World' tells of a startling article written by a conspicuous Buddhist and appearing in one of the main newspapers in Pekin, in which is advocated the establishment of the 'Jesus Church' in China. 'He begins by calling attention to the present trend toward radical reforms. Then he notes that all important reform movements emanate from the West, and that when traced they are found to crystallize about a man or group of men; that these reformers, when they are studied as to the source of their ideas and inspirations are found to be imbued with the Jesus religion. And so the writer concludes that the surest way to promote reforms is to introduce and foster the Jesus Church and faith. But he also concludes that the reform work can only be successfully carried on in China by natives, not foreigners; and so he logically argues that some eminent man must connect himself with the Jesus religion, understand all about it, become imbued with it, and then become the representative head of it in China; so that all that is good about the religion may find in a native Chinese who has the confidence of the empire and people a proper leader!'

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the maintenance of the launch: R. H. Libby, Ayer's Cliff, Que., $1.00; Muriel M. Eckhardt, Unionville, Ont., $1.00; Robert S. Jardine, Camlachi, $1.00; Mother and two daughters, $1.50; Arch. McLeish, Sable, Ont., $2.00; M. A. McKillop, Millfield, Que., $5.00; Toronto, $5.00; A Reader of the 'Witness,' Wilton Park, Alta., $5.00; 'Little Helpers' of Stoney Creek Sunday School, $1.00; S. R. Swan, Tweedside, N.B., 50c.; Total $23.00

Received for the cots: E. M. Mackinnon, Erle, Que., $1.00; Mrs. J. Newcombe, Grafton, Que., $1.00; W. R. A. Virgil, Ont., $2.00; A Friend, Hubbards, N.S., $3.00; A Friend, M., East Advocate, $1.00; Total .. .. .. $8.00.

Received for the komatik: An Interested Reader, $1.00; A Friend, Hubbards, N.S., $2.00; Total .... $3.00.
Previously acknowledged for the launch.. .. .. $307.52
Previously acknowledged for the cots 11.50
Previously acknowledged for the komatik.. .. .. 26.25

Total received up to April 30.. .. $379.27

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, indicating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

The Cock and the Jewel;

Or, we value only what we can use.

As a Cock was scratching up the straw in a farm-yard, in search of food for the hens, he hit upon a Jewel that by some chance had found its way there. 'Oh!' said he, 'you are a very fine thing, no doubt, to those who prize you; but give me a barley-corn before all the pearls in the world.'

Chief Pale Face.

(By Hilda Richmond, in 'Western Christian Advocate')

If I didn't have to be washed and dressed and combed so many times a day, I'd be happy,' said Harry, after mamma had called him three times to wash his hands after playing in the sand pile. 'I don't see why my hands won't do this way.'

'Because you touch and handle books and papers and furniture and leave marks,' said mamma. 'It is so much nicer to be clean that I should think you would be glad to get your grimy fists into this warm, soapy water.

'Then I wish I didn't have to live in a house,' said naughty Harry. 'I'd like to be an Indian and live in a tent where there are no books and papers. I'm tired of sitting up to a table and being careful not to spill things.'

'You may live in a tent if you like,' said mamma, putting away the hair brush. 'We will make a nice little Indian hut with the strips of old carpet in the back yard and you may live there without washing as long as you please.'

'Goody! Goody!' cried Harry, dancing up and down. I'll be the Chief Pale Face, and have the best times you ever heard of. When may I begin?'

'Right away,' said mamma, and in half an hour the carpet tent was ready.

Harry carried out the old blanket and made a bed of straw in one corner, but then there seemed to be nothing else to do. He thought Sarah was baking cookies, but she said she could not have dirty Indians about her clean kitchen, so he was forced to run away though he was very hungry.

'Mamma!' he called, running up to the sitting room window. 'Where do Indians get things to eat?'

'The little Indians have to take what the big ones give them,' said mamma. 'Presently dinner will be served and you can have something in your tent.'

Once or twice Harry thought of washing his hands very clean on the back porch and asking Sarah for cookies, but he felt that no Indian would do such a thing, so he wandered about the yard with the little bow and arrow Santa Claus had brought one Christmas and he played he was shooting bear for Winter. Going hunting is very hungry work, and by the time his mamma came out with some dinner on a tin pan he thought he was starved.

'You may eat with your fingers, Chief Pale Face,' said mamma. 'That is the way Indians do,' and she walked away, leaving the dinner on the ground floor of the hut.

'I can't eat rice pudding and mashed potatoes without a spoon, mamma,' he said; but his mother only said: 'You surely must be mistaken. Your mother is a squaw wrapped in a blanket. I am a white woman.'

Chief Pale Face was not very pale when at last he finished his dinner. He managed to eat part of the food, but most of it he spilled on the ground and great swarms of flies gathered all about making the hut a very unpleasant place to be. The food on his face and hands also attracted the insects, so that he had a hard time indeed. He tried to get into the kitchen to wash his hands and face, but the screen door was latched and Sarah called him to hurry away as she was afraid of Indians.

'Mrs. Smith, won't you please let me have some soap and water?' asked Harry, going to a neighbor's, with tears making white streaks on his dirty cheeks, after he had wandered forlornly around for several hours. 'I have been playing Indian and I don't like it a bit.'

'Why, how do you do, Harry?' said Sarah, as he appeared at the kitchen door all cleaned up and happy. 'Come right in and try some of my warm doughnuts. I missed you all morning.' And Harry has never wanted to be an Indian since that day.

The Little Fawn.

The fawn was born in a quiet valley in the great forest, and where the bushes grew thickest he had

his nursery. Here his mother, the doe, found for him a soft bed of moss and dried leaves and fed him on milk.

He was the prettiest little creature, with his brown fur coat dappled with white, and his little slim legs which were still so weak that he could hardly stand on them, and could only take a few feeble steps at a time. Before the doe left the cover to look for her food in the forest glen, and to drink a fresh draught at the brook, she pushed him gently down upon the soft moss bed with her muzzle, and made him understand that he must lie there obediently till she came back, so that she might be sure of finding him again in the midst of the great forest. After a few days his legs became a little stronger, and he tried some pretty gambols, but he was not nearly strong enough yet to gallop with his mother over hill and dale, and to jump over bushes and ditches.

Some children came into the forest one day to hunt for berries, and men and women came close to the cover to gather wood. When the doe saw them she stamped her fore-leg, and the fawn instantly understood that this was an order for him to lie down and hide under the leaves and high bracken. When the children and wood-gatherers saw the mother deer they ran after her. At first she trotted on slowly a little way ahead of them, at times, even stopping a moment, pretending to be lame and unable to run fast, and all the while the people followed her she was leading them further and further away from her little fawn in the cover. At last, when she thought all danger of their finding him was over, she trotted along quicker, so that the people soon lost sight of her in the thicket. Then, choosing a roundabout path, she returned to her little one, and found that the fawn, meanwhile, had been obedient to his mother's teaching, had lain absolutely still in the same spot, and his obedience had saved him from discovery. So you see it was best for the fawn to obey his mother without questioning, and of course a child should do so too, for it should be at least as sensible as a little fawn.—'Educational Record.'

'Tip'

Tip was but a tiny dog when he was sent as a gift to his young master, who lived on the beautiful farm, 'Mt. Airy,' during the summer.

When he first came he was frightened and bewildered. The trip from North Carolina in the baggage car was not a pleasant ex-

'TIP.'

perience, and for days he had a scared look in his eyes that went to his master's heart.

But he soon made so many friends, and was fed so well by Harry, that he seemed a different dog, and began to enjoy running over the broad fields and meadows.

How fast he grew into a beautiful black dog, with a glossy coat that fairly shone in the sun! Harry was so proud of him, and, in fact, all the people on the big farm loved him. He was very intelligent, and Uncle Willie and Harry greatly enjoyed teaching him smart things. He soon became very useful. When the time for the cows to be brought from the pasture came, all Harry had to say was, 'The cows, Tip,' and away he would go after them, and would soon come driving them to the shed to be milked.

He became a fine watchdog, and was a sworn enemy of tramps. A ragged, dirty man had difficulty in coming in, no matter what his errand might be. As Harry laughingly said, 'A man had to wear a standing collar and a stiff shirt to have the friendship of Tip.'

As soon as the door was opened downstairs in the morning up the stairs he would bound to wake his lazy young master. Harry did not enjoy this, nor did Uncle Willie, but Tip bade them such a cheerful good morning with his many 'bow wows' that they never scolded him.

His favorite amusement was running after rats and mice up in the old attic. He would get so excited and bark so loudly that he had to be called downstairs.

What happy days he and Harry spent during the long summer! They had many tramps through the cool woods, and spent hours on the creek fishing, sometimes with very good luck. The creek ran all through the farm, and they waded in the cool water and played on the big rocks. The two were always together, and a sad day it was when Harry had to leave the farm and go home to enter school.

Tip was a dismal dog for many days without his playmate, and could not be comforted. He was so lonely that Harry finally had him sent to his home, where they could be happy playfellows again.—'Child's Hour.'

Mother Earth's Bedquilts.

Four bedquilts are yearly folded and spread
On Mother Earth's old trundle-bed.
The first, a brown and white old thing,
She puts on in the early spring.
The summer one is green and bright,
With four-o'clocks nodding left and right.
And then when winds begin to blow,
She spreads a red quilt on, you know.
She sews it through with yellow thread;
It makes an autumn-leaf bedspread.
And by and by, all in a night,
She spreads her quilt of snowy white.

—S. Raymond Jocelyn, in 'The Philadelphia Teachers' Magazine.'

Seven-o'clock.

Little saucy Six-o'clock
And merry Master One,
With Bread-and-butter Five-o'clock,
Were playing in the sun,
When in peeped Bedtime Seven-o'clock,
And, somehow, spoilt the fun.

For saucy little Six-o'clock
Put fingers in each eye,
And One-o'clock began to pout,
And Five to scream and cry;
Till Seven-o'clock ran off again,
And so, indeed, did I.

—'Waif.'

Correspondence

P. D., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am seven years old, and I read in the third book. I go to Sunday school and Mission Band. I have a big black cat named Tibby, and my mamma has a gray and white cat, named Pinkie. We live right by the salt water, and three steamers call here twice a week in the summer. One of them, the 'Strathcona,' caught fire coming from Halifax on Saturday evening, December 22, 1900. Capt. Reid ran her ashore in our harbor, and the passengers and crew got safe to land. The steamer burned for two days and two nights. We watched the fire from our house, and mamma took me out of bed, and wrapped a quilt round me, so I could see the great sight. This is a long letter for a little girl to write herself. so I will close.

JEAN J. DUNLOP.

[Your riddle has ben asked before, Jean. Yours is a fine long letter.—Ed.]

M. L. P. Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy nine years old. I have one sister 14. We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for three years. We enjoy the nice stories, and also the letters from the little boys and girls. I thought perhaps some of the little boy readers of the 'Messenger' would kindly tell me, through the 'Messenger,' how to make a paper kite, as I have read and heard of them, but do not know how to make one.

O. B. SEALE.

A. B., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I am receiving the 'Messenger' all right, and also received the back numbers, and am very much pleased with the story of 'The Red, Red Wine.' I live on a farm of three hundred and twenty acres. I think the West is a fine country. We have a stock of 4 horses, one cow, a dozen hens, and a pretty little puppie; I call him Sport. We have been having a blizzard, but it is fine this afternoon, and is thawing very fast.

HARRY MIDDLEBROOK.

W., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy seven years old. I go to school, and am in the second book. I have only one brother; his name is Russell. We are in the same class; he is eight years old. We started to school at the same time. My father is the postmaster, and is the superintendent of the Sunday School. I like to go to Sunday School and learn the Golden Text, and the Catechism. We are Presbyterians. Papa reads the paper for us after Sunday School.

PERCY J. DEVENNY.

F., So. Dak.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl 13 years old. I live out on the prairie in South Dakota. I have been here almost seven years. We came here from Vermont, and have a farm of 160 acres. We have 35 apple trees, and 700 strawberry plants that we set out last spring. We are going to set out some more apple trees and currant and gooseberry bushes this spring. We live three miles from S., a new town which was just started last summer. We keep lots of chickens, turkeys, ducks, and geese. My mamma has two incubators in which she hatches the eggs. We live 3 miles from school. I have one brother, but no sisters. I will close with a riddle: What is the difference between a cabinet maker and a crockery maker?

LULU H. PUTNAM.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Well, winter has gone, and spring has come. The birds have come back from the south, and we hear the robins singing once more, Cheer up! Cheer up! We had a very pleasant winter here. I think it was one of the nicest I ever saw. It was not as cold as other winters. It sometimes was very windy, and it would blow the snow into large heaps. But we cannot expect to have calm weather in winter. There was skating around here this winter, but I did not skate at all, as I cannot.

I will close with some riddles: 1. What is the largest bug? 2. Why is the oyster the wisest animal?

E. S. O.

S., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm nine miles from town. The short line railway from Pictou to Oxford passes through our farm. I have two miles to go to school, and go nearly every day now, but did not go in winter, as it was so cold, and I had measels. I have four brothers and one sister, all older than myself. I am ten years old. My sister sent me a nice present on my birthday. I will close with a few riddles: Who was the first whistler? What goes through the woods without touching it?

MARGARET H. MacDONALD.

W., Man.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the letters in the 'Northern Messenger,' they are very interesting, some little girls write very nice letters. I am a little girl twelve years of age, I have five sisters and two brothers. One of my brothers goes to college, and the other is on his homestead. We live about six miles from the city limits. We have a bluff about a quarter of a mile square at the north of our house.

ETHEL SMITH.

F. B., N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is a pretty place in summer. Our farm lies near the head of the Cobquid Bay. Across the bay from us is the village of Naitland, where a great many ships have been built. The ice is getting out of the bay now, and the wild geese are here, but they will not stay long. I will close with a riddle: What kind of bed clothes had Job?

H. CLARA PUTNAM (aged 10).

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Butterfly.' Percy McLeod (aged 10), S., Alta.
2. 'Lamb.' Alfred Snell (aged 11), N., N.B.
3. 'Henhouse.' Beulah Dixon (aged 12), R., Ont.
4. 'Robin Redbreast.' Lulu M. Sargent (aged 13), C., N.S.
5. 'A Family Group.' Gladys Kilburn (aged 10), M., N.B.
6. 'Easter Chicks.' Margaret Macdonald (aged 10), S., N.S.
7. 'A Kitten.' Annie Viola Fraser (aged 7), C., N.B.
8. 'Harnessed Antelope and Young.' Jim Hutcheson, P. A., Sask.
9. 'A Dog.' Verna E. Ferguson (aged 8), P., Ont.
10. 'Canadian Trotter.' T. A. Rodger (aged 12), W., Ont.
11. 'Nancy and Nell.' Clara Byers (aged 11), F., Ont.
12. 'Arabian Horse.' Violet (aged 13), B., Sask.
13. 'The First Duck.' Willie England (aged 10), L. J., Ont.
14. 'A Pair of Dandies.' Mabel Lambert (aged 12), S. S. M., Ont.

OTHER LETTERS.

Violet Olive Alguire, E. C., Ont., sends two riddles, but they have been asked before.

Laura Parsons, L. B., N'fl'd., says they are having plenty of snow at her home, but that is likely to be changed by now, isn't it, Laura? So you have a goat and four kids; they are pretty little animals, aren't they?

Chrissie Fraser, M. B., N.S., is only six years old. We are sorry your riddle has been asked before, Chrissie.

Flossie Telford, R., P. Que., pieced a quilt when she was only eight years old, and now that she has grown to be quite big, ten years old in fact, she is going to make another.

G. J., Bedford, P. Que., sends several riddles, some of them have been given before. These are fresh ones: 1. Why is an author like a Chinaman? 2. What are the lowest class of laborers? 3. Give a good definition of a quilt.

We also had short letters from Alfred Snell, N., N.B., and Clara Byers, F., Ont.

Here are some questions given by a grown-up who is interested in the correspondence circle, for the members to look up in their Bibles. It is called 'A Profitable Study,' and that looks rather like a pun, doesn't it? Anyhow, here it is:

1. Which prophet said 'Woe is me! . . . because I am a man of unclean lips?
2. Which prophet was for forty years a shepherd in the wilderness?
3. Which was slain between the temple and the altar?
4. Which one was fed by winged messengers?
5. Which described himself as 'an herdman and a gatherer of sycamore fruit?'
6. Which was carried away as captive when only a young man?
7. Which one did God call when he was only a little child?

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Horses! Horses! Horses!

What boy does not love them? What boy has not his dreams of one day owning one? What boy is there but feels his martial spirit thrill at King Richard's strenuous words:

'A horse, a horse—My kingdom for a horse!'

But if you can't have a real horse just yet, you can at least enjoy capital pictures of beautiful horses—and that is what our 'Pictorial' boys can have to offer their customers in the May 'Number' at ten cents a copy. It is a 'Horse Show' Number and beautiful steeds—some photographed with their owners—form the chief attraction, the cover being one of those magnificent high jumps for which Italian Cavalry officers are famous. If you haven't yet tried a package to sell, send for one today. You can earn a fine knife, a fountain pen, or a watch and chain in this way. A postcard to us will bring a package by return mail, and our letter of instructions as to 'How to Do It.' Address John Dougall & Son, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

HOUSEHOLD.

Don't be Disciples of the Little.

(Kate M. Cleary, in the New York 'Tribune.')

A cynical writer lately said that some men wished Adam had died with all his ribs intact. He may have had scornful reference to the woman who apotheosizes the insignificant. And she is especially provoked if she possesses ability that if worthily exercised would give enjoyment to others, or add to the world's accumulation of beautiful objects.

For instance, one observed last week a woman who is an excellent artist, spending time, eyesight, and concentration on the task of fashioning a collar out of a ten-cent handkerchief.

'How long have you been working on that?' she was asked.

'About three hours. 'I'm hemstitching it, you see.'

'And how long did it take you to paint that lovely impressionistic sketch on the lagoon at Garfield Park?'

She sent the picture a cursory glance. 'Oh, I dashed that off in a couple of hours.'

Now, it's dollars to doughnuts that if that woman had not been trying to make a collar out of a handkerchief she would have been striving to make a handkerchief out of a collar. She had succeeded in spoiling a good handkerchief, in injuring her weak eyes, and in wasting time that might have been given to the production of a picture which, like the one mentioned, would be restful and refreshing to gaze upon—an inspiration and a joy forever.

Chicago's brilliant woman journalist, who died a few months ago, said in reviewing a certain book intended for women of the fussily domestic sort: 'The ardent student of this volume may learn eventually by patience and application how to make a nightcap out of a sheet.'

Some of these petty, poky, puttering women, everlastingly fidgeting over trifles, are so blind to beauty that nature receives no tribute from their veiled vision.

One such on a certain morning in the past winter was called to the window by an enthusiast. The spectacle revealed was superb; for snow and sleet had fallen and frozen in the night. The earth was one shining sweep of ermine, all jewel-sown. The trees were cased in white armor—gleaming, beautiful. And the silver birches had all their delicate, frondlike stems hung with gems, that glowed like rubies in the effulgence of a glorious red sunrise.

'Just look at those trees!' cried the enthusiast.

'That's only frost. I can make branches with twigs dipped in gum arabic that look just like those. You melt the gum arabic, and you take some diamond-dust, a teaspoonful, and—'

She turned from the window, all animation now.

But she who worshipped the work of the Great Artist had fled.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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For the Busy Mother.

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Where more than one pattern is wanted, additional coupons may be readily made after the model below on a separate slip of paper, and attached to the proper illustration.

NO. 5689.—LITTLE GIRLS' PANEL FROCK.

The graceful lines of this little dress lend a charming air of quaintness to the little figure. The design shows a dainty development of nainsook and all-over embroidery. If preferred, lace insertion or hand embroidery may be used for decoration, as the plain front affords a fine place for a bit of hand work. Lawn, dimity, linen and nainsook are all suitable for reproduction. For a child of three years three yards of 36-inch material will be required. Sizes for 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years.

'NORTHERN MESSENGER.'

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Answering Advertisements.

If 'Messenger' readers ordering goods advertized in the 'Messenger' will state in their order that they saw the advertisement in the 'Messenger,' it will be greatly appreciated by all concerned.

'To Move Mountains.'

(Evelyn Orchard, in the 'British Weekly.')

He let himself in with his latchkey, and closing the door softly, stood still in the little suburban hall. His eyes fixed themselves on the narrow stair, his ear was strained to catch the slightest sound from above. But his answer was silence.

As he moved to hang up his hat and coat a red-eyed maid-servant with her cap awry came out from the region behind, giving a little start of surprise at beholding her master an hour before his usual time.

'Well, Sally, how is he now?'

'Jes the same, sir—wuss, if anythink,' replied Sally, without thought of softening the news. Her class is happiest in a moist atmosphere of tears. 'Leastways the doctor lef' shaking his 'ead like anythink.'

'When was he here?'

'Abart 'arf an 'our ago, sir; but 'e's a-comin' back wiv somethink fur Master Willie. Will yer 'ave yer tea now, sir?'

'Has your mistress had hers?'

'Lor, no, she ain't 'ad a bite acrost 'er lips that I knows on this blessed dy; never seed seech a woman.'

Bentley passed silently up the stairs. His fine face was clouded, his eyes dark with pain. An only child lay in the upper room, in the throes of a fell disease. They had cared for him gently through the six years of his little life, but he was one of those delicate blooms which do not flourish in the vapors of London life. Yet nowhere do you see them in greater numbers. Six years old, and save for his frail health, there had been no cloud upon his little life. For he had lived it in the atmosphere of love, where the soul grows high and lovely, never losing the aroma of heaven. Also he had been a light in a dark place to his father and mother, who had suffered many things from fate.

They were now no longer very young, and Bentley knew that should this light be quenched, there could come for them no second spring.

He paused outside the door once more, listening intently. When no sound came from within, he pushed the door open gently and stepped in. The lights were low, but the ruddy firelight glow revealed the picture by the hearth. His wife sat in a low chair with the child lying tenderly in arms which for six years had never tired of their burden. The low, regular breathing fell comfortingly upon Bentley's ears, and the atmosphere of peace fell upon him like a benediction. For here were no signs of pain or stress such as had torn his rebellious heart for days; it was a fireside picture which might gladden the heart of any man at the close of a working day. He regarded them tenderly, noting the frail sweetness of his wife's look. Had she not been far away in the land of dreams and spirits, she must have been drawn by the magnet of these eyes. Something smote Bentley, a tumult of baffling thought. He turned about hastily and left the room, almost it seemed a holy place into which he was forbidden to enter. He was upon the outside, mother and child sufficed one to the other, and their dreams were of places his soul had never visited. The doctor came in as he regained the little hall. He looked relieved at the sight of the child's father—now his responsibility could be shared.

'He was very much distressed, Mr. Bentley. I went for the extreme remedy. Have I your permission to apply it now?' he said, a trifle formally. 'As I explained to Mrs. Bentley, it will be painful, the state of his heart forbidding the use of my palliative.'

'Come up and see him,' said Bentley, in a curious voice, and the pair silently ascended the stairs, and entering the room, contemplated the picture by the hearth. An immense surprise gathered in the doctor's eyes as he took a forward step, attuning his ear to catch the dual breath. Then he motioned Bentley from the room.

'It is a perfectly natural sleep, and may even save him. It is extraordinary. He seemed "in extremis" when I left, and I had Mrs. Bentley's permission to bring my instruments. She did say as I left that in my absence she would try a remedy of her own.'

Bentley sat down in the room below and waited, straining his ear for the slightest

WOMEN'S SUITS, SKIRTS AND COATS

New York's Latest Fashions

MADE TO YOUR MEASURE MADE IN A WEEK

WHAT one most admires in Fashion can't always be reached handy—if at all it's mostly by paying tribute and profits to many people.

Did you ever reckon it this way—materials by the yard at some local stores carry the burden of at least three profits—the trimming counter with its little knick-knacks sums up very quickly—then the dressmaker cuts deep into an additional cost.

Yet apart from the expense your troubles are not quite ended, for something goes wrong, then the tiresome worry of waiting is worse than even great cost.

No wonder women are driven in their desperation to readymades and this is the only excuse for readymades at all. Readymades certainly have no license to proclaim fit or style.

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tremor from above. Suddenly, without warning, the door opened, and his wife was at his side. Her face wore a very soft far-away look, and she glanced round in seeming wonder at finding herself among familiar things.

'Willie is asleep, dear,' she said in a still, quiet voice. 'And he will not awake for a long time.'

'You mean that he is dead,' he cried, and leaped to his feet. But she laid a soothing hand on his arm, and her smile was reassuringly sweet.

'No, asleep. I have been asleep, too, and together we have been in the heavenly fields. But for you, dear, we would never have come back.'

'The misery of the last days has been too much for you, Alice.'

'Oh, no, I am quite sane. Do you remember Jacob by the brook at Peniel? I have been there, wrestling with God for the child's life, and it is mine. Mine to make or mar, dear, and you must help me. There will be something to pay.' She stood close by him, and her hand fell lightly on his bent head. Something to pay, and I can't pay it alone. You must come back to God's service, Archie. You have been out of it too long.'

Her light hand seemed to compel him. Bentley fell upon his knees.—'British Weekly.'

Selected Recipes.

CREAM OF ONION SOUP.—Wash, peel, and cut one pint white onions. Cover with one quart of cold water, and place over moderate heat. Let simmer for 1 1-2 hours, then drain and rub through a coarse sieve. Return to the soup kettle with the water (which is reduced by the cooking), adding 1 1-2 pints milk, salt and pepper to taste. Rub smooth in a saucepan one tablespoon butter with two of flour, adding gradually a little milk. When quite smooth add carefully to the boiling soup, with a little chopped parsley. The beaten yolk of an egg may be added just as this is served.

CREAMED SPRING ONIONS.— Parboil young spring onions in slim bunches, not removing the stalks. Drain and cook again a few minutes, or until tender. Serve on toast with lumps of butter, or with cream, or egg sauce poured over the whole.

WITH EGGS.—Cook spring onions in milk till tender. Remove onions, then thicken the milk with flour rubbed into the yolk of a beaten raw egg. Add a bit of butter, two chopped hard-boiled eggs, and then serve.

ICE CREAM CAKE.—One teacup of sugar, one teacup of flour, four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder; bake in three layers. Filling: Take a pint of the thickest sweet cream; beat until it looks like ice cream; make very sweet and flavor with vanilla; blanch and chop a pound of almonds, stir into the cream, and put very thick between each layer.

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THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'